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WALTER GREAVES

(Pupil of Whistler)

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

COTTIER & CO.

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To my friend and colleague

— Vittore Ricci

From Christian Buntin

New York, January 1912.



WALTER GREAVES

(*Pupil of Whistler*)

BY

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

BEING A CATALOGUE OF
PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND ETCHINGS
BY WALTER GREAVES

EXHIBITED AT THE COTTIER GALLERY
JANUARY 11 TO FEBRUARY 10

WITH FULL BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL INTRODUCTION

COTTIER & CO.

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NEW YORK

1912

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DEDICATED TO
MISS ALICE GREAVES
("TINNIE")

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I
BIOGRAPHICAL



The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed until I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary and cannot impart it ; till I am known and do not want it.

Dr. Johnson to Lord Chesterfield.

SHORTLY before noon on May 5 last, there slipped quietly into The Goupil Gallery in Regent Street a timorous, unassuming little man clad in top-hat, rusty frock-coat and trousers, and a frayed and faded yellow silk tie. His attention had been called to a notice in the morning Times of his exhibition, which had opened the previous day, and he just dropped round, he said, "to see how things were going." He was pleased and not a little puzzled at the unexpected interest taken in his work, for he had lived and laboured all his days in neglect and isolation. In Chelsea alone was he recognized, and Chelsea

was for him the world. "They call me an 'unknown master,' " he exclaimed, referring to The Times article with a mixture of pride and mild protest, "but I 've been known in Chelsea all my life!"

The discovery of Walter Greaves, and the story of his sudden rise to fame after a lifetime of obscurity, is not alone the sensation of the season in art circles. It is one of the most pathetic and appealing narratives in the entire annals of esthetic endeavour. Not since the appearance of Mr. William de Morgan a few years since in the field of letters has there been a more remarkable instance of delayed recognition than that of Greaves, who in his seventh decade literally awoke to find himself famous overnight. Little did this modest, retiring septuagenarian dream, as he stepped from his tiny Fulham flat that morning in early May, that there would shortly be waiting to interview him at the gallery a score of representatives from the leading London daily and weekly papers,

or that his canvases, which had for years lain unsold and unregarded, would within another twenty-four hours be fetching hundreds of pounds apiece.

There are elements of irony as well as romance in the tale of this typical son of the Chelsea riverside. It was in large part his innate humility and loyalty which kept him so long in the background. He was content to pass his days under the shadow of another, and had it not been for the merest accident, he would have disappeared from the scene of his patient, loving effort without so much as a casual word of praise or comment. There were a thousand chances to one that Greaves would never have become known to the outside world; and yet for once fate proved kind, and he was rescued from increasing neglect and privation and thrust with almost cruel brusqueness into the glare of public acclaim and approval.

It is difficult to picture a more moving episode than that in which Mr. Greaves

played the principal part when, in a secluded room in The Goupil Gallery, he sat answering question after question concerning his early life and struggles, while without surged a distinguished throng eager to discuss and to purchase the works of the so-called new master. He was visibly embarrassed at such unwonted attention. His voice faltered, and his memory failed him more than once, yet through all shone the real sweetness of the man's nature and his unflinching fidelity to the one in whose service he had passed the best years of his life. It is impossible to speak of Walter Greaves without mentioning Whistler, nor could anything be more reverent or more gratefully recognizant than the younger man's attitude toward the master to whom he owed so much, and who at times exercised so deep and so deliberate an influence over his pupil's artistic personality and production.

When, in the late 'fifties, Whistler settled in London after his Paris apprenticeship,



T RACE DAY, HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE

the Greaves boys, Henry and Walter, were already well known about Chelsea. Their father was a famous boatman and skiff-builder who had often rowed Turner on the river, who knew Brunel, the designer of The Great Eastern, and was acquainted with Carlyle, with Martin, the eccentric painter of Biblical subjects, and other celebrated characters along the waterfront. The elder Greaves always accompanied Turner on his excursions up or down stream, and Mrs. Booth, Turner's big, rubicund Scotch housekeeper, would usually come to the landing-stage to see them off, Turner shouting back to her when conditions looked unfavourable, "I sha'n't be gone long: Greaves says the weather will be soupy." The boys, who were too young to recall Turner with distinctness, but who remembered Mrs. Booth well, were born at No. 10, Lindsey Row, now No. 104, Cheyne Walk. "Our house," Mr. Walter Greaves says, "was so close to the water that when lying in bed at night

we could hear the river's wash beneath the walls."

They were true Thames-side lads, spending most of their time on the water or about their father's ship-yard. High-spirited and fond of mischief, they were on more than one occasion the despair of Martin, the religious painter, or the brooding and irascible Carlyle. Their uncle had leased a meadow just back of Carlyle's house, and Walter Greaves still recollects the time when he shied a stone through the old gentleman's study window. The sequel may well be left to the imagination, it being sufficient to note that he to this day rejoices in his lucky escape from imminent and doubtless vigorous chastisement. Mr. Greaves adds that other and older folk were also not above baiting the sage as he strolled moodily along the street, it being the well-established custom for idlers and passers-by to greet him with a cheery "Fine morning, Mr. Carlyle," which would invariably elicit the gruff rejoinder, "Tell me something I don't know!"

All was not play, however, for while still mere striplings their father initiated the boys into the mysteries of painting boats and also decorating the prows with elaborate armorial bearings, or those quaint flower-pieces and even landscapes which used to be the pride alike of swift pleasure-craft or slow-moving barge. It was but a step—an almost imperceptible one it seems—from this sort of thing to more ambitious effort; and having such a wealth of picturesque material close at hand, the young men shortly turned to sketching on their own account. At about this period they met Whistler, though before making his acquaintance Walter Greaves states that he and his brother were already “painting pictures of the Thames and Cremorne Gardens, both day and night effects.” It was while Whistler was seated at the window dashing in a view of Battersea Bridge that Walter caught the first glimpse of his future master, who had lately taken a house at No. 7, Lindsey Row, now No. 101, Cheyne Walk, a few doors

from where the Greaves family then lived. Possessing mutual interests, they soon came to know each other, the acquaintance rapidly ripening into a friendship in which Whistler took no little pleasure, often remarking afterward to the Greaves boys' pretty sisters, "You are the pride of one end of the Row, and I am the pride of the other."

There is nothing in art quite like the relationship between the acquisitive, cosmopolitan young painter fresh from Paris, and the family of the simple, genuine riverman, Greaves. In the Pennell's Life you gather hints of the complete personal and esthetic subjugation of the brothers to the will and wishes of the fascinating, imperious newcomer. Still, one must hear the story in its entirety from Walter Greaves himself, told with endearing self-effacement, since its true inwardness, like the significance of their artistic efforts, seems for some unaccountable reason to have escaped the notice of Whistler's biog-



PASSING UNDER OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE

raphers. The three were constantly on the water together, the boys accompanying Whistler down the river to Wapping, up the river to Putney, and across to Cherry Gardens or Battersea fields. Sometimes they would spend entire nights in this manner, and in summer their evenings were passed at Cremorne Gardens, all three industriously making rapid chalk sketches on brown paper to be utilized later for paintings or etchings. They were Whistler's first pupils, and he took frank pride in them, and they in him; for, as Walter, like a true boatman's son, has said, "He taught us to paint, and we taught him the waterman's jerk."

Indoors, too, the brothers were found of equal service. They would fetch and carry and manfully fag for their master. "We used to get ready his colours and canvases, prepare the grey distemper ground which he so liked working upon, and paint the mackerel-back pattern on the frames—in fact, we attended to all the routine work

of the studio." They were certainly busy, eager times for the inseparable trio, especially as "Jimmy" would, so the Pennells aver, often be "up with the dawn, throwing pebbles at their windows to wake them and make them come out and pull him up or down stream." Almost every evening Whistler was in the habit of dropping in at the Greaveses' house after dinner, sometimes accompanied by his mother, and passed the time sketching likenesses of different members of the family, or of himself, often stopping until midnight or after. Yet he was not exclusively serious-minded and industrious, but constantly varied the programme with his inimitable imitations, or dancing fancy dances with Alice Greaves—"Tinnie," as she was always called—and her sister. They, also, were useful to him in numerous ways, these wholesome, generous-hearted English girls. They frequently posed for him, and even made with their deft, willing hands the carpet of black and white tape

on which he placed with scrupulous precision so many of his famous sitters. And often, too, he would take "Tinnie," dressed in her quaint mid-Victorian frock, and fresh as a flower, to Cremorne Gardens at night, where they would stroll arm in arm through the crowd or seek out some secluded spot and watch, with bated breath and shining eye, the far incandescence of a falling rocket.

Transcendently clever and facile as he himself was, Whistler and the Greaves boys were in a sense students together. They at one period attended in a body an evening life class in Limerston Street, a few steps from the Row. It was conducted by a Frenchman, M. Barthe, and a piquant description of Whistler and his faithful satellites has been furnished by a fellow-pupil, Mr. J. E. Christie. Their entrance was marked by the utmost punctiliousness, Whistler always taking precedence, one of the boys dexterously drawing the curtain for him, while the other would

take his hat and "hang it up carefully as if it were a sacred thing." It seems that the boys, who were seated one on each side of him, scarcely ever drew direct from the model, but spent the entire time copying as closely as they could Whistler's sketch and puffing their cigarettes at the precise instant he elected to do so. In speech, in dress, and in a thousand little tricks of manner they patterned themselves, consciously or unconsciously, upon his engaging and magnetic personality. Though such abject subservience may have its pathetic as well as its comical aspect, no one then thought, and least of all Whistler himself, that imitation was anything save the sincerest flattery, and that flattery he enjoyed to the full.

As years went by the situation remained much the same, and the servitude continued as incessant and explicit as before. When Whistler moved to No. 2, at the end of Lindsey Row, now No. 96, Cheyne Walk, his pupils worked frantically all day deco-

rating the rooms for his first dinner party. And still later, so we learn from the Pennells, as well as from Mr. Greaves himself, the entire family sat up far into the night designing and posting the invitations for his first memorable one-man show in Pall Mall. The list was a formidable one, and the Chelsea mail-boxes were congested beyond precedent, but, thanks to the combined efforts of all hands, the cards went out on time. The boys were, in short, ever at his beck and call, an irate Gallic antique dealer who once came to collect a bill describing how, in the gathering twilight, he was confronted by the apparition of "Vistlaire" standing before a little canvas busily painting, "and behind him ze bruzers Greaves holding candles," in order that he might finish a certain picture—which, it may be added, he did, and succeeded in bolting off with it in a cab before the astonished suppliant could effect a settlement of his claim.

It was in his second Lindsey Row house

that Whistler completed that incomparable trinity of portraits including the Mother, the Carlyle, and little Miss Alexander, and during this period his attitude toward Henry and Walter Greaves revealed no visible change. Mr. Walter Greaves fondly recalls an infinitude of characteristic details concerning their life together. When Whistler was working on the famous Peacock Room at the Leyland house in Prince's Gate, his pupils appear to have rendered invaluable assistance. They laid on the gold, and Walter painted part of the ceiling, and discovered at Freeman's, in Battersea, the verdigris blue used for the screen. Whistler himself was enchanted with it, but Walter Greaves, conscientious craftsman as he always was, says, "I told him that, in my opinion, it would not stand."

Possessing the greater talent of the two, it was Walter in whom Whistler took the keener interest, often correcting his work and striving in every way to impose upon



THOMAS CARLYLE

him his own particular esthetic point of view. Now and then, as for example in 1873 and 1874, the exacting master would permit one or the other of his pupils to appear before the public, though such occasions were by no means frequent. It seems, however, not to have been without considerable opposition on Whistler's part that Walter was enabled to show his portrait of "Tinnie" and three other subjects at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, in 1876. The master was evidently not over-pleased with the idea, consoling himself, apropos of the name of the place where the exhibition was to be held, with the sarcastic remark that, "After all, it's only a fish-shop!" In recalling this phase of their relationship Mr. Greaves modestly, and with touching regard for Whistler's superior judgment, notes that "he would never allow us to exhibit anything without his permission, and always insisted on our mentioning that we were 'pupils of Whistler.'"

The success of The Peacock Room, the

sensation caused by the Ruskin trial, and the various oft-recounted episodes of the day, from which he always emerged characteristically triumphant, eventually drew Whistler away from the brave-hearted waterman's family who had been his companions during so many busy, joyous years. He henceforth spent more of his time in hansom cabs than in the favourite old boat he and the boys had so often shared together, while in front of his door was a constant stream of carriages bringing great folk from Mayfair and Belgravia. In brief, he was a celebrity. He no longer belonged simply to Chelsea, but to the larger world of art and fashion, and, as time slipped by, saw less and less of his faithful, unselfish helpmates who had stood by him in many a crisis.

We must permit the vivacious Walter Sickert to retail for us the incident which led up to the final, definite severance, Mr. Greaves himself being of too kindly and loyal a nature to put the matter in a

clear and convincing light. "In effect," says Mr. Sickert, in his own inimitable vein, "Whistler gave me to understand that the 'Greaves boys' were negligible, that what they accomplished they had from him, and that when his influence was withdrawn they relapsed into the nullity from which he had lifted them for a while. To complete, while I am about it, my evidence on this subject, I must add that Whistler gave me his account of his reasons for breaking with them. His story was this: Whistler had had an exhibition somewhere (don't ask me for dates or places), and after it was over he asked the Greaveses if they had seen it, and they said, 'No.' Act of *lèse-papillon*, and no mistake, here! They made it worse by saying 'they did n't mean anything by not going.' Worse and worse! 'If you had *meant anything*——' Words failed! you see the scene from here."

It is barely possible that, after the separation, which in the nature of things was

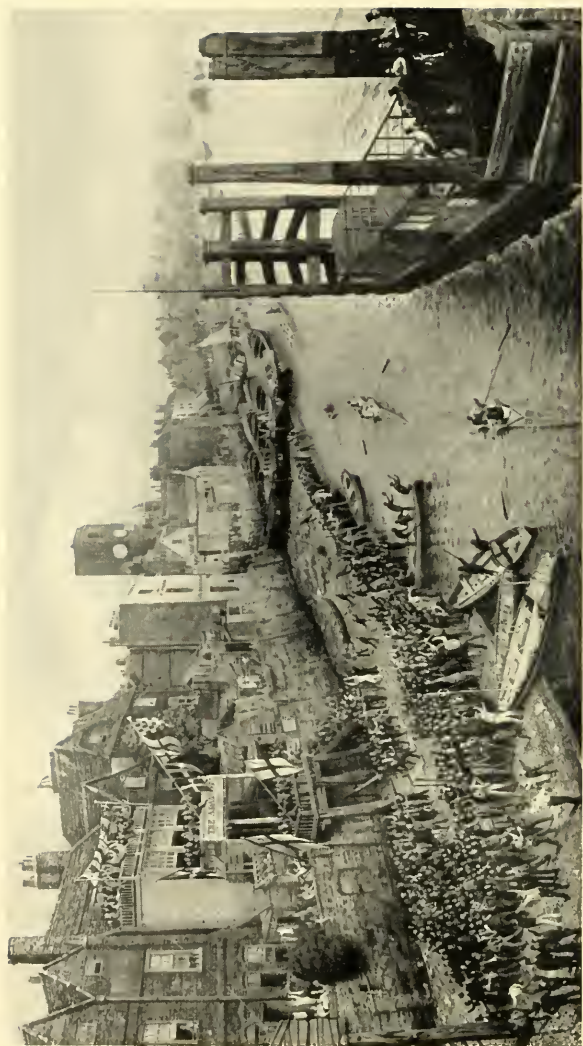
inevitable, the Greaves brothers found more opportunity to cultivate their own individual talents. In any case, they kept manfully on, producing careful, truthful views of Chelsea street or river scene, and disposing of what they could to their patrons of the neighbourhood and the local dealers who in a modest way handled their work. They often combined efforts on the same picture, and when one would post off to deliver a canvas or drawing the other would stop at home to begin the next composition. The prices they got were pitiful, for, largely because of their long association with Whistler and the fact that they always signed themselves "pupils of Whistler," few realized that they were anything save feeble imitators of their master. For years it was possible to pick up their work at the small dealers and shabby pawnshops of Chelsea for a few shillings. Their more sustained efforts were, as a rule, purchased by agents at a guinea or so and resold for two or three guineas to a certain second-

hand book and print dealer in New Oxford Street. The supposedly more enlightened West End showed even less appreciation of the Greaves brothers' work, for quite recently two fine examples were put up for sale at a well-known auction room, only to be bought in again by the owner at seven and ten shillings respectively.

Realizing what a struggle they were having, a friend kindly secured for them—at a bare living wage, however—the commission to decorate the Streatham Hall, and here they worked for years under the most difficult and disheartening conditions. The place was damp and badly lighted, the wall-spaces were almost impossible to attack with any degree of convenience or physical comfort, and, moreover, they were not technically equipped for the task in hand. One strolls in silent wonder through room after room, marvelling at the patient naïveté of these two earnest souls. The Entrance Hall, the Red Room, the Pink Hall—each is filled with faded,

ghostlike replicas of their favourite subjects. Here also are haunting echoes of Albert Moore, and there a friendly tribute to Whistler, but the plaster is falling off in places and all looks ephemeral and forlorn. Absorbing though it be as a side-light on their general development, the work at Streatham does not add greatly to the Greaves brothers' esthetic laurels. Still it was at least lovingly and conscientiously done, and even in their most discouraging moments they never shirked or faltered. The son of their former patron and benefactor gives a characteristic glimpse of the brave front the two made during these meagre, trying days. "For nearly twenty years they walked from their home at Chelsea to Streatham, several days in the week, summer and winter, attired in the well-known garb, viz., silk hat and frock-coat, with cuffs much in evidence, wearing pink and yellow ties respectively."

As years drifted by, the household grew smaller and smaller, and after their par-



ents' death the remaining members of the family moved from the riverside, which had been the scene of so many happy times, to a simple home in the Fulham Road. Walter in particular kept on painting, but finding it increasingly difficult to dispose of their work in oil, the brothers' slender income was mainly derived from the sale of etchings and water-colour drawings. Having almost no market for his more important and ambitious canvases, and being unable to afford the expense of frames, Mr. Greaves simply rolled them up and left them lying about in obscure corners of the house, whence they were rescued in a manner which, in these lethargic days, seems little short of miraculous.

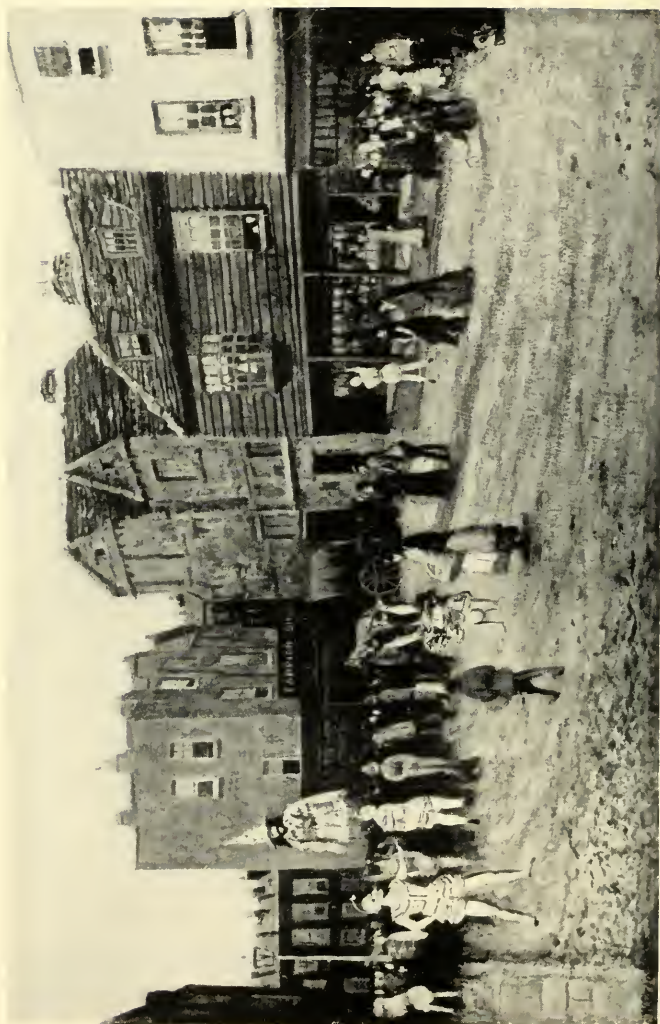
It is not without a certain significance to those who look at such matters in something more than a superficial way, to realize that not only was Whistler first appreciated on the Continent, but that it was also someone from abroad who was instrumental in bringing to light his long-

neglected pupil. Early last year a foreign lady of taste and discrimination, residing in London, happened to notice in the picturesque old shop of the well-known New Oxford Street second-hand book dealer already mentioned, a canvas which at once aroused her interest and curiosity. She immediately inquired of the dealer whether he had anything else by the same artist, and was not a little astonished to learn that he was the possessor of something over fifty examples of the man's work, not to mention a miscellaneous assortment of drawings, etchings, and the like. The lady in question thereupon judiciously sought the advice and opinion of the enthusiastic and astute manager of The Goupil Gallery, Mr. William S. Marchant, who, like herself, was equally struck by their artistic merit and puzzled by a certain affinity with the work of Whistler which they manifestly displayed. There was no telling what the value of the pictures might prove to be, but at least they presented

points of extraordinary interest, the upshot of the matter being that Mr. Marchant shortly took over the entire lot for what seemed to all concerned a reasonable consideration. The dealer, it may be mentioned, willingly accepted the offer, which about covered his original outlay, and at the same time relieved him of a vast amount of apparently unsaleable material which had for months past been congesting his quarters almost beyond endurance.

Not knowing exactly what to do next, and somewhat mistrusting his find, Mr. Marchant, however, industriously proceeded to have all the pictures cleaned, stretched, and framed, and to examine them in detail. Their condition was indescribable, most of them having lain for a quarter of a century and more in the dingy rooms and dark cellar of the Fulham Road house. Several had to be relined and not a few restored as well. They furthermore offered many a difficult problem. Whole days were spent in debating their

merits, the chief question being, of course, how much or how little did they owe to Whistler. The solution of the mystery obviously lay in the person of Mr. Greaves, and to him the new owner wisely appealed. Mr. Marchant found him at his humble flat, where he was still living with his sister "Tinnie," his brother Henry having died some years before. Most of his work had already been removed from Albert Lodge, as the house in Fulham Road was called, having been bought by the agents of the dealer and others, but in Mr. Greaves himself was found the fullest vindication of all hopes regarding the authenticity of the pictures he had purchased. They were not, as certain over-zealous individuals had precipitately assumed, either actual or even partial Whistlers, nor were they mere slavish imitations of Whistler. They were simply, and indubitably, the work of Walter Greaves. During the succeeding weeks Mr. Greaves identified them all, furnishing the proper titles and dictating the



UNTEBANKS: CHELSEA

Commission of William M. M. & Co. London

little prefacé to the catalogue of the exhibition, inexact in the matter of a few minor details, it seems, yet striking, in honest, forthright fashion, the key-note of the situation.

The balance of the narrative is too well known and too fresh in the public mind to require further repetition. Every one recalls the sensation caused by The Goupil Gallery exhibition last spring. The first day opened mildly, with but a handful of people present. Then came The Times appreciation, and by the end of the week all London was flocking to see the work of the new master, as he was somewhat infelicitously called. Yet the success of Walter Greaves was not made by critics and connoisseurs alone. Aside from the work itself, which is quite able to stand upon its own merits, it is to those who first grasped the inherent pathos and humanity of the situation that the larger measure of credit is due. The life story of Walter Greaves went straight to the big, responsive heart

of the British public, who, above all else, loves fair play and rejoices in hard-won success even though it be delayed until the eleventh hour. And the eleventh hour it assuredly was, for Mr. Greaves, ever modest and mistrustful, can even now scarcely grasp the significance of this sudden, and seemingly incredible, turn of fortune.

The galleries were opened with a Private View on Thursday, May 4, and by Saturday many of the pictures had been sold and most of those prominent in the social and artistic world of London had passed through the rooms, discussing and admiring the work of a man who a few days before was utterly unknown save to his few Chelsea friends whose ranks were year by year growing thinner. Among the early visitors were Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon, while to the list may be added such names as Sir Hugh P. Lane, Lord Henry Bentinck, Princess Kropotkin, the Countess of Wemyss, Sir E. Ray Lankester, Mr. Justice Darling, Sir Arthur W. Pinero,

and Mr. Justice Pickford. Not the least interest attended the visit of Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, an old friend of Battersea days, who was one of the first to congratulate the artist upon his success and to renew memories of half a century before, when both were boys together.

It was not my good fortune to be present during that memorable first week, though when I arrived in London, some time later, the pictures were still on view, and Mr. Greaves was still "just dropping round" to see how things might be going. He had no further interest in the matter of sales, the canvases having long since passed from his possession, yet Mr. Marchant was looking after him with every manifestation of sympathetic generosity. It is typical of Mr. Greaves that he should care very little about the monetary side of the question, for when his pictures were bringing their hundreds of pounds apiece he quite obviously let one, which was not in the exhibi-

tion, go for a paltry thirty shillings. When remonstrated with, and admonished to cancel the sale in view of the prices he was then receiving, he shook his head in a deprecating manner, saying, "No, no, I can't; it really is n't worth any more!"

Such was Walter Greaves throughout his struggling, unselfish life, and such he remains to-day, despite success and renown. We passed many delightful hours together, studying the pictures, and rehearsing every phase of his puzzling, appealing career, and also in the near-by studio which Mr. Marchant had taken for him in The Crown Chambers, No. 9, Regent Street. It was the top floor back, Room No. 11, and was approached by tortuous stairs. The place had been previously occupied by Mr. Tom Robertson, the landscape painter, and here Mr. Greaves would come almost every day. He was engaged chiefly on river scenes, both day and night effects; and though the hand had lost not a little of its surety, and the eye its precision, he seemed



greatly to relish his work. He did not, by the way, particularly care for the few pictures of Mr. Robertson which were still in evidence. "I like smoother surfaces," he said, "and think he could get just as good results with less pigment." He, in short, lives in the past, and his art brings vividly before one the spell of those old Chelsea days and scenes which he still loves to recall upon canvas, but not more so than the man himself, with his quaint dress, hesitant speech, and air of bygone courtliness and gentility.

The last time I saw him was when he sat in the quiet gallery, with the pearl-grey twilight creeping softly about him, and the work of a lifetime on the darkening walls. There seemed a poignant tinge of contrast to it all. The pictures were still fresh and young. They were things of the spirit, and had been wrought in love and in hope. He himself was broken and enfeebled, for he was merely flesh. And yet the sunny optimism of the man has shown no sign of

abatement. As we said good-bye I turned and asked him what he thought of doing now that he was comfortably off and well cared for, now that the battle of life had been won, so to speak, in the very last round. Without a moment's pause, and with a smile I can never forget—the smile of one to whom his work is more than anything else in the world—he cheerily replied, “Oh, I shall go on painting a bit!”

II CRITICAL



Never mind about the dogmas of the schools, but get to the heart of the matter somehow.

Constable.

THE Chelsea Walter Greaves knew as a boy was by no means the Chelsea of to-day. It was a village of vanishing palaces, of picturesque wooden houses, and teeming waterfront which shelved right off to the river's edge with no impeding Embankment. The Greaves home was but a few doors from the ancient residence of Lord Lindsey, from whom the Row took its name, and the Greaves shipyard and landing stage were not far distant. Chelsea during those days had its own particular life and colour, nor was there a place quite like it anywhere in the world. Opposite was Battersea fields, and further along, Cremorne Gardens. The bridges were mostly made of wood, the timbers un-

steady and softly toned by the slow action of weather and water. The murky surface of the stream was alive with craft of every description from racing shell to wherry, from skiff and clumsy, russet-sailed barge to the creaky old Citizen steamboats. Of all this only a few landmarks remain. The square, solidly built tower of Chelsea Church still looms through the silver mist, the factory chimneys still rise fantastically on the Surrey side, but most of this shabby glory has departed. It has disappeared along with the old-fashioned flagstaffs, the tattered mudlarks that used to infest the district, and the mid-Victorian swells in huge top-hats and dragoon moustaches, their ladies arrayed in tight-fitting frocks and flowing mantillas.

Amusements were not lacking in those mellower, more leisurely times. The "Adam and Eve" and the "Old Swan" were scarcely ever deserted day or night. Soot-faced sweeps were always ready, for a few coppers, to divert the passer-by with droll

antics, and troupes of mountebanks filled court and street corner with their make-believe merriment. There were all manner of routs and regattas on the river, and now and again the progressive lessee and manager of Cremorne Gardens, Mr. E. T. Smith, would fairly outdo himself in his efforts to attract the crowd. On one occasion he had a wire suspended from the chimney tops of Chelsea to Battersea, Miss Lucy Young, widely known as the Female Blondin, crossing back and forth no less than five times. It was such sights and scenes as these which greeted Henry and Walter Greaves as they grew to manhood, and it is small wonder that, in their honest, straightforward fashion, they should have sought to record the characteristic features of a life in which they took such genuine interest and frankly local pride.

While still mere lads, serving their apprenticeship as boat painters, they began sketching Thames-side subjects and views of Cremorne Gardens. Henry, the elder

of the two, was the accurate, careful draughtsman, "very strong," his brother says, "on detail." Walter, the younger, was more of a colourist, and from the beginning took readily to the use of pigment. The first important canvas by Walter Greaves of which there is any trace is the large Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, which figured in The Goupil Gallery exhibition last May and proved such a source of mystification alike to press and public. It was compared with almost everything from a Carpaccio to a premonition of Post-Impressionism, and from a Fra Angelico to a Japanese print. While there is an element of aptness in each of these parallels, however far fetched they may seem, still, had the critics known a trifle more concerning Mr. Greaves's origin and early start, they might have approached the matter with a larger measure of assurance. The naïve ingenuousness of the composition was manifestly that of youth, for the picture was painted while Mr. Greaves was



W Greaves

still in his teens. It was the utter frankness of the technique which offered the chief puzzle; yet here again it was not realized how much the artist owed to his initial training.

In this amazing view of a multi-hued holiday crowd thronging the footways and clinging to the cables and framework of the bridge, he had simply indulged in his customary practice of laying on patches of clear, bright colour in definitely mapped-out spaces. Whatever else the picture shows, it reveals a high degree of what is known as "trade finish." It is a thoroughly workmanlike performance, and for that reason alone merits the highest praise. But Boat Race Day, Hammer-smith Bridge, is infinitely more than this. It displays the most joyous invention, the frankest vision, and the keenest delight in intricate yet intelligible design. The pattern is really remarkable, and the whole incomparably sprightly, spontaneous, and unhampered by those canons and conven-

tions which do so much to stifle and sterilize. In his first picture Mr. Greaves had accomplished that which usually costs most men a lifetime of thought and labour. He had succeeded in expressing himself with freedom and directness, and in a fashion thoroughly congenial with his talents and temperament.

There are qualities in Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, which rarely or never reappear in the art of Walter Greaves, for after he made the acquaintance of Whistler his style and manner of painting underwent a decided change. We may as well strike directly at the root of the matter, since unless the situation be clearly understood from the outset there will be endless confusion. The key-note is contained in Mr. Greaves's unpretentious little introduction to the catalogue of The Goupil Gallery exhibition. In speaking of his own and his brother's early connection with Whistler, he says: "We had been so accustomed to fill our pictures with numerous details that, when we came under

Whistler's influence and teaching, his ideas naturally appeared to us strange at first, and difficult to carry out." Here you have the situation in a nutshell, and could anything be more explicit or illuminating? It is evident from this that Whistler did not encourage his pupils to develop upon individual lines, but sought to fashion them after his own image and give them his own exclusive vision of external reality. To a man of his peculiar stamp no other course was possible. He gloried in his discovery of the subtle picturesqueness of the world of form and colour about him and serenely insisted upon every one else accepting his point of view. If he chose to suppress detail, to cast over the face of nature that atmosphere of magic suggestion of which he was, and has remained, the undisputed master, his pupils must perforce follow in his footsteps. His vivacious egotism was contagious, and from that contagion they escaped, only, so he thought, at their absolute esthetic peril.

The entire question resolves itself into a

fundamental difference of endowment between master and pupils. The art of Whistler, like the man himself, was inherently subjective in its outlook and appeal. The talent of the Greaves boys obviously lay in the opposite direction, and as long as they were in close association either one side or the other must inevitably have attained ascendancy. With his superiority in point of age, with the prestige of his Paris training, and being the possessor of a singularly persuasive and captivating personality, it was but natural that Whistler should for the time being have succeeded in imposing his will and practice upon the two young Chelsea painters whom he took into his studio. There is no more to the affair than this, nor was there ever any call for a Whistler-Greaves controversy. A temperate, unbiased acceptance of the facts as they stand would have rendered such a situation impossible. However, the public has hugely relished the war of words, and would be loath to have missed the spec-



MOONLIGHT OVER BATTERSEA

tacle of Mr. Pennell's fanatical partisanship on the one side, and Mr. Marchant's suave, unerring sword thrusts on the other. Mr. Pennell, it appears, quite unwarrantably inferred, and will probably do so again, that his pet idol was being attacked under cover of Greaves, and Mr. Marchant merely rose in generous defence of his new-found protégé. To unprejudiced minds Mr. Pennell's indignation seems exaggerated, not to say fantastic. He has clearly damaged his case through excess of zeal, and well might Whistler exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" In any event, it is certain that somewhere in the Elysian Fields "Jimmy," who dearly loved a fracas, is again chortling to himself, though this time perhaps not so blithely as usual.

It is necessary to consider at some length the influence Whistler exerted upon the progressive development of Henry and Walter Greaves. In Henry's case it was virtually nil, he being by nature too

stoutly intrenched in the love of fact as such. With Walter the question is more complicated, for at various periods of his career he assuredly did not succeed in escaping the Whistler contagion. His position in this respect is, however, by no means an isolated one. Yet the difference between Walter Greaves when he imitated Whistler, and most other artists when they have done likewise, is simply that he openly admitted his indebtedness, whereas the majority of them have been at no small pains to disguise and deny theirs.

That which is of vital interest is not Walter Greaves when he is most, but when he is least under the subtle spell of his master, and there is scant room for doubt that it was then that he produced his best work. In the face of certain of these canvases and these minutely faithful drawings Whistler's jaunty assumption that the Greaves boys owed everything to him, and relapsed into nullity after his inspiration was withdrawn, encounters the most com-

plete and convincing refutation. While they had already, for some time past, been producing what they called "Moonlights," it was franker and more highly elaborated effects which they really preferred. There was even a touch of wistfulness in Mr. Greaves's tone when he remarked to me that "Mr. Whistler made us paint those nocturnes; he would have us paint them." It was the age-old warfare between the subjective and the objective points of view, and for the time being the former triumphed, though not, happily, in the long run.

It is a tenuous, etherealized Greaves you get in these subdued, almost achromatic glimpses of the river, the straggling shipping, and the phantom outlines of the opposite shore. It is often admirably done, yet it lacks the super-sensitiveness and soft, feather lightness of Whistler himself. It is quite another Greaves which is disclosed in such canvases as the joyously juvenile Boat Race Day, Hammersmith

Bridge, and the crisply painted Chelsea Regatta, with its keen zest for actuality and almost unparalleled gift for particularization. I once asked Mr. Greaves point blank whether personally he did not prefer the more cheerful colouring, the closer observation, and more emphatic design of these and kindred compositions. His answer was unequivocal. "I do," he replied, and here he paused as though fearing to offend the memory of his preceptor, "but Mr. Whistler would n't have us paint like that when we were with him."

You must go a trifle below the surface in order to grasp the real facts and the true reasons for this attitude on Whistler's part. Underneath mere metaphysical distinctions such as those of subjectivity and objectivity lie physical conditions of which they are but the reflex. Positive colour and sharply defined contour were unpleasant to him. Possessing a highly sensitive nervous organism, he lived in an atmosphere of suggestion, of subdued tone and suppressed



LOADING THE BRICK BARGE, LINDSEY WHARF

line. You have only to recall his abhorrence of white, and of the immediate, imperative necessity he always felt for re-decorating the wall surfaces of the various houses he chose to occupy in softer, more soothing tints. His love of night with only a few faint lights in the distance or a far-off bursting rocket amounted to a species of obsession. He needed protection from the glare of day. He preferred the mist and fog of London to the gay sparkle of Paris, and instinctively shrank from everything that was crude or harsh. Since he carried all this to a surpassing point of refinement in his work, it is small wonder that he continually kept admonishing his pupils to paint in modified tones, to avoid primary colours, and to cast over their canvases, if they could, that psychic nimbus of which he alone held the secret. Only once, in the memory of Mr. Walter Greaves, did Whistler urge him to strive for sharper contrast, and that was when he complained that the mat of the print on

the wall back of the Carlyle was too low in key. Mr. Greaves agreed that it was, though having already varnished the picture did not care to alter it.

The difference between Whistler and Greaves is one of kind as well as degree. You have on one hand the hyper-sensitive American seeking to remake the universe according to a receipt all his own; you have on the other the more robust son of an English riverman striving to picture the world as he found it and knew it to be. They reacted strongly upon one another, but whatever the results of this reaction may have been, they themselves remained radically distinct. If in its most expressive moments the art of Whistler is an evasion, a negation almost, of explicit and positive form and colour, the work of Walter Greaves at its best is the precise contrary. Each selected that which stimulated his esthetic activities to the point of definite creative effort, and, when enjoying complete freedom of choice and method, both

theme and treatment were in most instances different, and often totally dissimilar. Throughout their association the dominant factor was for obvious reasons Whistler, yet the individuality of Greaves was never entirely obliterated and at times wholly escaped the influence of the older and better-equipped man. There is nothing more to the so-called Whistler-Greaves question than simply this. It has been necessary, however, to indulge in a somewhat close analysis of the case, for it is essential that the affair be once and for all transferred from the sphere of crude vituperation into the clarifying atmosphere of reason and common sense.

A great deal has been made by a certain conspicuous Greaves detractor of the matter of dates. The chronology of the pictures has been dwelt upon with a view of placing the artist in the position of an insinuating impostor who deliberately set about copying Whistler's best known effects and claiming for himself and his

work the prestige of priority. In point of fact nothing could be further from the truth. You have already had abundant proof of the deep and unswerving reverence Mr. Greaves has always cherished for the memory of his one-time master. While there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Greaves boys knew and loved their Chelsea, and in a measure recognized its pictorial possibilities, before Whistler crossed the Channel, such questions are quite beside the point. We are not at present discussing this phase of the subject. We are simply endeavouring to approach the work of Walter Greaves in that spirit of temperance and of sympathetic interest which it so manifestly merits. It is the precious quality of personality, of independence from outside influence, that constitutes the special appeal and significance of these paintings and drawings, and it is this element which one must seek out and keep ever foremost in the mind. The mere superficial resemblance of Mr. Greaves's



THE BOATING POND, BATTERSEA PARK

work to the work of Whistler, for superficial it is, must be definitively understood to be a matter of secondary, not of primary moment.

In order to gather a concise idea of how Walter Greaves consciously strove to escape the Whistler influence, you have only to glance at two typical canvases, the much debated *Passing under Old Battersea Bridge* and *The Balcony*. In each of these pictures the background is beautifully and subtly rendered. So delicate are the total values that it has even been claimed—clumsily and inconclusively, it may be added—that the hand of Whistler himself is visible. While vigorously repudiating such uncritical aspersions, and granting Mr. Greaves, as he unquestionably deserves, a clear and clean title to authorship, there are, moreover, features in both these compositions which Whistler would never have tolerated. Mr. Greaves's decorative sense and his strong regard for design impelled him to intensify the framework of

each in a fashion almost identical. He has made the central span and supporting piers of the bridge darker and more decisive than Whistler would have done, and in *The Balcony* he appears to have devised, as an assertion of independence, it seems, the delightful foliated pattern which serves as a border. There is absolutely nothing of Whistler in the loving elaboration of these wind-blown leaves and this simple, rustic railing. Furthermore, Mr. Greaves fully recognizes that there were all along essential temperamental differences between himself and his master. Of *Passing under Old Battersea Bridge* he recently remarked with characteristic deference that Whistler's version of the same theme, as may be noted in the celebrated canvas now in the Tate Gallery, was conceived "in a less conventional and more artistic manner."

The esthetic progress of Walter Greaves moves at times parallel with that of Whistler. It was natural, even inevitable, that when master was engaged upon a certain

line of subjects pupils should have followed suit. Save tentatively, as for instance in the mural decorations at Streat-ham Hall, there is but faint echo in the art of Mr. Greaves of Whistler's Japanese phase. Still, however, they turned to nocturnes at about the same period, and subsequently to portraiture. You have in the Portrait of the Artist, which serves as frontispiece to this brief study, a manifest and entirely legitimate tribute to Whistler's portrait of himself in round hat and blouse which has so long figured in the McCulloch collection. While there are divergences of course, the one is painted in frank imitation of the other. The case of the Carlyle portrait is somewhat different. It, too, was undertaken after Whistler's Carlyle, and from what Mr. Greaves says regarding it, he must have encountered even greater difficulty in persuading the old gentleman to pose than his master did. Whistler in the end had to get Phil Morris to sit for the coat, and Mr. Greaves tells us that he was

able to do little save the head direct from life, the rest being completed as best he could.

There is no necessity for comparing the two portraits. Whistler's severely introspective Carlyle occupies an assured and unique position in the public consciousness. Yet in certain features of Mr. Greaves's Carlyle, notably in the rendering of the trousers, there is a specific verity, a downright facing of fact such as Whistler never would, and possibly never could, have attained. Uncouth they certainly are, and it has been remarked that if Carlyle actually wore such trousers, it is small wonder that Whistler covered them with a shawl. It is none the less in this and similar details that you catch glimpses of the real Greaves, and of that power of concrete observation which is one of his dominant characteristics. His art is free from all suspicion of formula. When himself he is unaffected and totally devoid of esthetic subterfuge. A replica of the Carlyle was



E OLD HAYMARKET

painted for the Chelsea Public Library, the original having been sold the first time for thirty shillings and later changing hands at ten pounds. Such prices seem grotesque, yet Mr. Greaves was simply obliged, like every artist, to accept the current estimate of his production.

Whatever be the claims of his other essays in portraiture, it is the full-length standing likeness of his sister, Miss Alice Greaves ("Tinnie"), in black and white quilted fancy dress which must always occupy first place. The direct, straightforward statement already seen in the Carlyle here finds more congenial expression, and to this has been added a beauty of arabesque, a frankness of handling, and a freshness of feeling which insure the work a significant position in the annals of British art. It is incredible that a picture of such singular appeal should have remained so long in obscurity. As already noted, it was shown at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, in 1876, and Mr. Greaves also

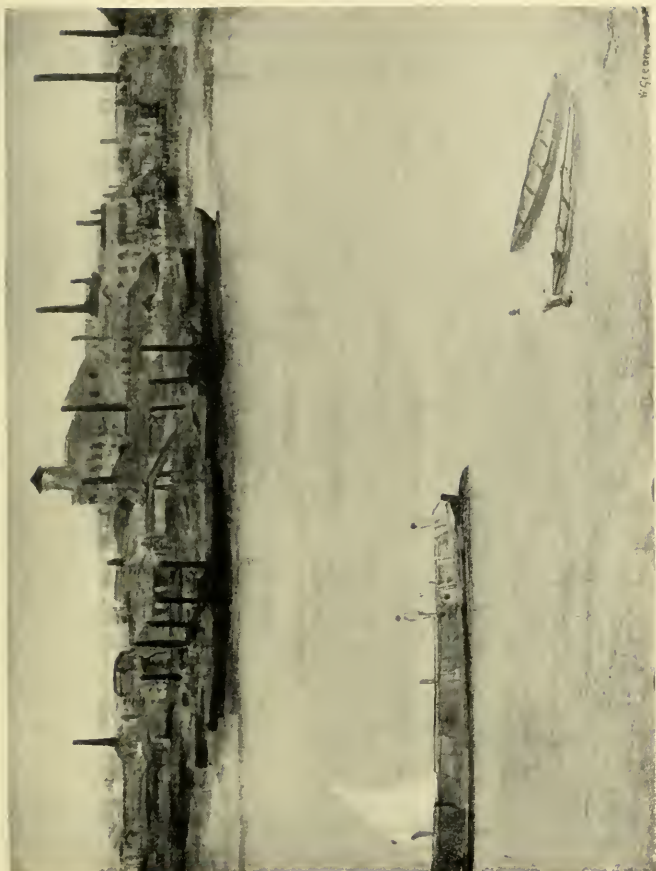
somewhat wistfully adds that his master "tried to get it in at the Grosvenor Gallery." Until its resurrection last spring it might, however, as far as the general public goes, have never existed.

In the Blue Hall at Streatham, occupying the central panel on the rear wall, is an interesting variant on this portrait signed "H. & W. Greaves, 1890." Still, it is evident that Henry had nothing to do with the painting of the original picture. The work is entirely Walter's. While it reveals his customary love of detail, yet in the matter of general conception and in its quality of sheer, unaffected charm it reaches a high level of attainment. In this canvas Mr. Greaves once more succeeded in being completely himself. You indeed here find the position of master and pupil reversed, for only on rare occasions, such as in his portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth, has Whistler achieved a commensurate beauty of surface, resonant depth of tone, or delicate rendering of fabric as may be seen in this

drooping ostrich plume and these exquisite glimpses of lace at throat and wrist. In his refreshingly specific way Mr. Greaves once remarked that the handkerchief which Whistler's Mother holds in her tightly clasped hands was "nothing but a bit of white and oil." It was at last his turn to prove what magical things might be done with the same constituents.

Of the other full length, entitled *The Green Dress*, it is pertinent to note that the gown was originally blue—the same verdigris blue which Mr. Greaves had purchased for *The Peacock Room*, and the permanency of which he had so wisely doubted. While the portrait is by no means so successful as its predecessor, its presence serves to throw additional light upon the then existing relationship between master and pupil. Quite recently there turned up in a local auction room a letter from Whistler to Walter Greaves on the subject of this very picture, and it would certainly be difficult to recall anything which more explicitly

defines the stringent surveillance exercised by master over his pupils in the matter of choosing their themes. It appears Whistler had learned that Walter contemplated painting one of his sisters in a blue frock, and within an exceedingly brief interval dispatched to him the following note: "The doctor [obviously his brother-in-law, Seymour Haden] mentioned accidentally that you spoke of painting a blue picture of your sister, Mrs. Ranger. Now, my dear boy, just reflect for a minute and don't let my pet pupil unconsciously do what he would be indignant if another were to attempt, for you know my picture of little Miss Leyland in blue cashmere and velvet—in short, the arrangement in blue—you know how jolly it is, and of course I shall paint it directly I have time." As may be gathered from this incident things always went Whistler's way in the end. Despite the letter in question Walter finally did pluck up courage and painted the portrait of his sister in blue, but alas! it did not re-



main blue. "You see," said Mr. Greaves, not without a tinge of fatalism in recalling the incident after nearly forty years, "it never did us any good to go against Mr. Whistler, for that verdigris blue turned green after all."

The lad who was so spontaneous and unfettered in his first picture, the ever astounding Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, and the man who could disclose the full force and subtlety of his talent in the portrait of Miss Alice Greaves, was destined to give further proof of his artistic independence in the large canvas entitled Chelsea Regatta. While certain critics have been pleased to compare the early Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, with Frith's Derby Day in the Tate Gallery, the real parallel between the work of Mr. Greaves and that of Frith, if there be any, lies between Derby Day and Chelsea Regatta. The picture did not figure in the original exhibition last spring, and though later on informal view, it was not

until the recent Goupil Gallery Salon that the London press and public made the acquaintance of the work. The situation was most interesting, the sagacious and militant director of the gallery, Mr. William Marchant, deliberately placing the canvas among the most advanced work of the day, thereby courting the freest expression of opinion. The result was even more favourable to Mr. Greaves than any one had reason to anticipate, every authority of prominence praising at length his manifest sincerity, his love of the simple aspect of life about him, and his complete freedom in this instance from all trace of Whistlerian influence. It was the severest test which could possibly have been devised for a picture dating from the 'seventies to have been viewed simultaneously with the facile and striking performances of to-day, yet Chelsea Regatta emerged from the ordeal with greatly enhanced reputation. It was painted, it is true, with infinite care and deliberation, and for a vastly more lei-

surely age than ours, but it more than held its own beside the restless immediacy and over-emphasis of current esthetic production.

We have herewith followed Mr. Greaves through the most typical and characteristic phases of his development. The oft discussed indebtedness to his master should by this time be reasonably well understood, and also the gradual unfolding of his own individuality which, though never wholly submerged, was at many points diminished in native vigour and intensity. In the case of Walter Greaves you are greeted with the spectacle of two separate men, as it were, working side by side, or rather, one man possessing a dual personality. Manifestly influenced by Whistler in many canvases, and seeming at moments actually to have renounced his own artistic heritage, he nevertheless painted during the years of their closest companionship picture after picture betraying little or no trace of his mentor's well-de-

finer precept and practice. The main outlines of his career having been indicated at sufficient length, we may now proceed with a consideration of certain of those more distinctive works which serve to complete the general scheme, and in which he reveals himself in all his innate authenticity of vision.

In numerous ways Walter Greaves shows a marked affinity with the Pre-Raphaelite point of view. His rendering of nature has not a little of the same pious precision, and he seldom or never alters existent fact to fit the requirements of a given composition. In studying these pictures again after an interval of some months I find myself constantly recalling his remark, in speaking of a certain river scene, that "Mr. Whistler put in his boats wherever he wanted them, but we left our boats just as they were." On another occasion he said that "to Mr. Whistler a boat was a tone, to us it was always a boat." It is superfluous to discuss the pros and cons

of what may be termed selective arrangement. After all, results are the only things that really count, and yet the attitude of the Greaves brothers is not without a significance quite its own. The predominate characteristic of these canvases, whether they depict busy waterfront or crowded street, the bygone gaieties of Cremorne Gardens or the picturesque old courtyards of Chelsea, is their singular verity of impression. In many instances far more may be claimed for them than this, yet at the root of each separate attempt, whether involving the richer, more colourful vision of Walter, or the patient exactitude of Henry, you divine the same abiding reverence for reality.

If, in his subtly eloquent nocturnes, symphonies, and arrangements, Whistler translates as no one else the spirit of Chelsea, it is Walter Greaves who, with a relatively meagre equipment, gives us Chelsea itself. You cannot look at such canvases as *Unloading the Brick Barge*, *Lindsey*

Wharf, Mountebanks: Chelsea, Old Chelsea and the "Adam and Eve," or, glancing across the river, at such compositions as The Citizen Steamboat Yard, Battersea, the more subdued moonlight views, or the daring though altogether legitimate Boating Pond, Battersea Park, without feeling that you are face to face with facts as they actually were and scenes as they undoubtedly existed. Despite his technical superiority Whistler never evinces a like mastery over the material aspect of nature. From him you glean an inspiring and suggestive synthesis. With Walter Greaves you are thrown into direct, wholesome contact with nature herself. There is again no call for comparisons. The respective stand-points of the two men are squarely antithetical. You may prefer one to the other, or you may, if your esthetic sympathies are sufficiently flexible, accept them both.

The art of Walter Greaves, like that of so many of his predecessors in the field, derives directly from the Dutchmen of the



seventeenth century. It continues the same tradition which had already produced such masters as Morland and Constable, though instead of being rural or rustic it is urban in appeal. Mr. Greaves has in a measure accomplished for Chelsea and the Thames what Constable did for Suffolk and his beloved Stour. He knows and perpetuates but one spot. He has never wandered from this particular province, and in each canvas faithfully reflects the peculiar physiognomy of the place. In many respects he approaches more nearly the spirit of Dutch art than do most of his countrymen. The same tendency runs through his entire production, whether in oil, in water colour, or in etching. To Mr. Greaves everything possesses an interest and an individuality exclusively its own, and one may well envy him his consummate knowledge of boats and shipping and his unfailing grasp of the essential aspects of a given scene. At heart, and in his work as well, he is a true "little master." It is not

the world of imagination nor the realm of general ideas in which he is to be found. It is the world of simple, every-day fact.

Although you sometimes get in these canvases, and especially in the drawings, more topography than temperament, their author is by no means devoid of emotion. On occasions he shows decided intensity of feeling. If he here and there displays a skilful rendering of architectural detail which recalls Pieter de Hooch, he more than once attains that combination of exact observation and rare sensibility which we encounter in Mathijs Maris. While recognizing its broad affinity with the work of certain Dutchmen both past and present, we must not risk losing sight of the fact that the art of Mr. Greaves is, before all else, typically English in spirit and accent. Let us go further and accord it still more specific recognition, adding, in the always apt phraseology of Mr. Greaves himself, that it is "just Chelsea."

The esthetic history of Walter Greaves

illustrates an almost constant oscillation between the suggestive indefiniteness of Whistler and that power of definite suggestion which was his own native birthright. Owing doubtless to this very fact he fails at moments to reveal a highly crystallized artistic personality. While from a speculative standpoint it may prove diverting to conjecture what Mr. Greaves might have become had he never met Whistler, the question is a futile one, and we must perforce consider the case as it exists to-day. In certain respects he is technically deficient. His drawing of the figure is often feeble, he not infrequently lacks atmosphere, and his sense of tonal gradations is not always infallibly correct. In compensation, however, Mr. Greaves offers us something more lasting than mere manipulative dexterity. Technique alone is a transitory affair, changing radically from generation to generation, and possessing in itself scant intrinsic merit. The power to render without self-consciousness, and

WALTER GREAVES

with becoming humility, the outward semblance or inner significance of nature and of life is another and a vastly higher gift.

I do not in any way mean to belittle Mr. Greaves's actual ability to handle paint in a workmanlike manner, nor to minimize the obvious importance of accomplished craftsmanship, yet the purely professional phase of the question is not, after all, the most enduring factor in the ceaseless struggle toward pictorial expression. Moreover, there is no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Greaves does manage to secure the desired result in his own ingenuous fashion. If you wish to know how much better he can paint a crowd than Frith, for instance, you have only to compare once again the remarkable sense of individual action and general, synchronous animation in Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge, or Chelsea Regatta with the meticulous immobility of Derby Day. And if you want to discover how much more real river magic he gets into his pictures than other men,

glance for example at Edwin Edwards's *The Thames from a Wharf near Waterloo Bridge*, also in the Tate Gallery. In brief, you will find that Mr. Greaves knows quite enough to convey, and not so much that he is in constant danger of confusing, the desired meaning. He has never, as is the case with so many of the modern men, been the victim of his method, nor has he ever mistaken manner for matter. He possesses, in fine, the somewhat old-fashioned, but ever fresh and stimulating secret of going straight to the heart of things.

It is not the purely adventitious incidents of his career, absorbing though they be, which make Walter Greaves the artist he is. It is largely the inherent modesty of the man in the presence of something he knows, and wishes, in a spirit of instinctive self-effacement, to place upon permanent record. Year after year he has plodded patiently along, collecting bit by bit that Chelsea which has almost totally disappeared from view, yet which still lingers

for us in these lovingly wrought little panels. The taste for the mid-Victorian has lately become a fashion. Many of the younger painters of the day are endeavouring to think and to picture themselves back into the atmosphere of this period. Here is a man who has never once stepped out of it, and who, alike in his art and his personality, preserves unspoiled its simplicity, its charm, and its perennial fragrance of sentiment.

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OIL PAINTINGS

- 1 Thomas Carlyle.
- 2 The Citizen Steamboat Yard, Battersea.
- 3 Grey Morning, Battersea.
- 4 Old Chelsea Church at Night.
- 5 The Old Haymarket.
- 6 Battersea Reach—Moonlight.
- 7 Miss Alice Greaves (Tinnie).
- 8 Barges after Snowstorm.
- 9 Below London Bridge.
- 10 Old Chelsea. “The Adam and Eve.”
- 11 The Balcony.
- 12 Chelsea Regatta.

CATALOGUE

- 13 Passing under Old Battersea Bridge.
- 14 Moonlight on the Embankment, Chelsea.
- 15 Cremorne Gardens.
- 16 Lawrence Street, Chelsea.
- 17 Moonlight over Battersea.
- 18 The Green Dress.
- 19 The Boating Pond, Battersea Park.
- 20 Mountebanks, Chelsea.
- 21 Mr. Henry Greaves.
- 22 Mr. Walter Greaves and Miss Alice Greaves, Chelsea.
- 23 Portrait of Mr. Henry Greaves.
- 24 Portrait of the Artist.
- 25 Boat Race Day, Hammersmith Bridge.
- 26 Lawrence Street, Chelsea.
- 27 Fireworks, Cremorne Gardens.
- 28 Lindsey Row.

CATALOGUE

- 29 Milman Street, Chelsea.
- 30 Grey Morning, Battersea.
- 31 Night Scene, Chelsea.
- 32 Grey Day, Battersea.
- 33 Cremorne Gardens at Night.
- 34 Old Battersea Bridge (after alteration).
- 35 Early Morning, Thames.
- 36 "The Black Lion," Church Street, Chelsea.
- 37 Unloading the Brick Barge, Lindsey Wharf.
- 38 King's Road, Chelsea—Night.
- 39 Old Battersea Bridge.

DRAWINGS

BY H. AND W. GREAVES

- 1 Battersea from Lindsey Row.
- 2 Chelsea Church and Old Archway.
- 3 The Female Blondin.
- 4 Lindsey Walk and Cremorne Road.
- 5 Old Battersea Bridge.
- 6 Lindsey Houses (formerly Lindsey Palace).
- 7 The old "Swan."
- 8 The Riverside. "Adam and Eve."
- 9 "The Cricketers," Cheyne Walk.
- 10 Barges at Lindsey Wharf.

CATALOGUE

- 11 Cheyne Walk, Carlyle in the Road.
- 12 Bishop's Walk.
- 13 Duke Street, Old Chelsea.
- 14 Cheyne Walk.
- 15 "The Black Lion," Chelsea.
- 16 Duke Street, Entrance to "Adam and Eve."
- 17 Thames Coffee House.
- 18 Cheyne Walk.
- 19 "The Six Bells," Bowling Green.
- 20 Cremorne Gardens.
- 21 Cheyne Walk.
- 22 Cremorne Gardens, Whistler standing by Fountain.
- 23 Old Archway, Carlyle on Sidewalk.
- 24 Beaufort Place.
- 25 Cheyne Walk. Old Toll Houses.
- 26 Turk's Row.

CATALOGUE

- 27 Cheyne Walk. Brunel's House.
- 28 Building New Battersea Bridge.
- 29 Barges at Lindsey Wharf.
- 30 "The Drummer Boy," Chelsea.
- 31 Cheyne Walk. Old Cadogan Pier.
- 32 The Old Bun House, Chelsea.

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